

Song Of The Sockeye

w/ Ross Cumbers; m/ Phil Thomas

The musical score is written on three staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff begins with a 'capo-3' instruction. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Am, Am, C, C, Am, G. The lyrics are: 'Oh, hark to the song of the sock-eye Like a si-ren's call of'. The second staff continues with chord symbols Am, Am, G, G, Am, Am. The lyrics are: 'old; When it gets in your blood you can't shake it It's the'. The third staff has chord symbols Am, Em, Am. The lyrics are: 'same as the fe-ver for gold.'

There's a hole in the BC coastline
River's Inlet's the place I mean
And it's there you will find the old-timer
And also the fellow who's green

Oh, the boats head for there like the sockeye
And some are a joy to the eye
While others are simply abortions
And ought to be left high and dry

Now, they go to the different canneries
And before they can make one haul
It's three hundred bucks for net, grub and gas
Which they hope to pay off before fall

Then it's off to the head of the inlet
At six o'clock, Sunday night
But when morning comes and you've got about three
The prospects don't look very bright

Of course, there is always an alibi
To account for a very poor run
The weather is wrong, the moon's not full
Or the big tides will help the fish come

Along about dusk, when you're starting to doze
And think you've got a good night's set
An engine will roar as you look out the door
And some farmer toes into your net.

Now some of us think of the future
While others have things to forget
But most of us sit here and think of a school
Of sockeye hitting the net

And when the season is over
And you figure out what you have made
You were better off working for wages
No matter how low you were paid

For the comforts of home are worth something,
So take it from me, my friend,
Frying pan grub and no headroom
Will ruin your health in the end.

So hark to the song of the sockeye
Like a siren's song of old
When it gets in your blood you can't shake it
It's the same as the fever for gold